with a few lines for you—very good, I fhinfc, though I say it as shouldn't—I know you'll laugh ! They are perhaps not startlingly original, but better than the original, anyhow ! Here they are—last act!

** * Ah, Robert, pity me. By the recollections of our youth, I implore you to save ray boy 1' (iVoi» for *em !)

" * If niy voice recalls a tone that ever fell sweetly upon your ear, have pity on me! If the past is not a blank, if you once loved, have pity on me!' (Bravo!)

" *TXovr I* call that very good, and if the ' If' and the ' pitys ' don't bring down the house, well it's a pity! I pity the pittites !

" . . . I've just been copying out my part in an account book—a little more handy to put in one's pocket. It's really very short, but difficult to act, though, and so is yours. I like this ' piling up ' sort of acting, and I am sure you will, when you play the part. It's restful. ' The Bells' is that sort of thing."

The crafty old Henry! All this was to put me in conceit with my part!

Many people at this time put me in conceit with my son, including dear Burae-Jones with his splendid gift of impulsive enthusiasm.

" THE GRANGE,
"\VEST KENSINGTON,
W.
"

Sunday.

'* MOST DEAR LADY,—

" I thought all went wonderfully last night, and no sign could I see of hitch or difficulty; and as for your boy, he looked a lovely little gentleman—and in his cups was perfect, not overdoing by the least touch a part always perilously easy to overdo. I too had the impertinence to be a bit nervous for you about him, but not when he appeared—so altogether I was quite happy.

" . . . Irving was very noble—I thought I had never seen his face so beatified before—no, that

isn't the word, and to hunt for the right one would be so like judicious